

The Critic

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Ruskin's Judgment of Gibbon and Darwin.

PROBABLY the reading public has long ceased to expect anything but fresh outbursts of whim and caprice from Ruskin. Carlyle said of him, in 1872, that if he could hold out for another fifteen years or so, he might produce, even in this way, a great effect. But the prophecy has not turned out a true one. 'A weak man,' as the sage of Chelsea felt compelled to call him in the same breath in which he ventured the above prediction, will never produce a great effect, give him any length of time. And Ruskin seems fast weakening any impression his earlier works may have made. He has degenerated into a common scold. The public laughs at him, and when the public laughs at a man's rage, his day is about over. He affects one, in his later utterances, as a tipsy Carlyle. He provokes our mirth and pity instead of convicting us in our own hearts of sin and folly, as Carlyle did. Never a man of such genius with so little common-sense. If ever a writer could be likened to a 'dim comet wagging its useless tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars,' the description may be applied to Ruskin in his late verdict upon Gibbon and Darwin. He objects to Gibbon, because, 'primarily, none but the malignant and the weak study the Decline and Fall either of State or organism,' etc. As if Gibbon's great work was not just as much a history of the origin and rise of the modern nations, as it is a history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. If you want to know where the world was, and how it fared with it during the first ten centuries of our era, read Gibbon. No other writer can do for you just what he does. No one else has had the courage to attempt his task over again. The laborious student of history may go to the many and obscure sources from which Gibbon drew the materials for his great work, and correct or supplement him here and there, as Milman has done; but the general reader wants the completed structure, and not the mountain quarries from which the blocks came; and the complete structure you get in Gibbon. To omit him is to leave a gap in your knowledge of the history of the world which nothing else can fill. As Carlyle said to Emerson, he 'is the splendid bridge which connects the old world with the new; very artificial, but very real for all that, and very helpful to any who have business that way.

The case may be even more strongly stated than that. To read Gibbon is to be present at the creation of the world—the modern world. We see the chaos out of which it came; we see the breaking up of the old races, institutions, conditions, and the slow formation of the new. The period which his work covers was the great thaw and dissolution of history—the springtime which preceded the summer of modern civilizations. What anarchy, what confusion, what a giving away of foundations, what a tottering and tumbling of the superb Roman masonry; and yet what budding of new life, what inundations of new fresh human-

ity, from the North and from the East! A new light was in the world—the light of Christianity; new races also, and the game of life and of nationality was to be played under new conditions and in new fields. What a picture is that which we get in Gibbon of those swarms upon swarms of barbarians, from northern Europe, and central Asia, and finally from southern Arabia, breaking in and overrunning the old Empire! One comes to think of the Roman dominion as a circle more or less filled with light; around it on all sides is darkness, and out of this darkness come fiercely riding these savage hordes, as soon as they cross the line made visible to us. Out of this seething lava of humanity, the modern races and states have arisen. The main push always came from the plains of central Asia; here seems to have been the well-head of mankind. What we see in Roman history is doubtless but a continuation of a process which had been going on for long ages. The westward movement of our Aryan ancestors was an earlier chapter in the same great series of events.

Ruskin objects to Gibbon's style as the 'worst English ever written by an educated Englishman.' It was the style of his age and country brought to perfection, the stately curvilinear or orbicular style; every sentence makes a complete circle; but it is always a real thought, a real distinction that sweeps through the circle. Modern style is more linear, more direct and picturesque; and in the case of such a writer as Ruskin, much more loose, discursive and audacious. The highly artificial buckram style of the age of Gibbon has doubtless had its day, but it gave us some noble literature, and is no more to be treated with contempt than the age which produced it is to be treated with contempt.

From Ruskin's abhorrence of the scientific method and spirit—an abhorrence that amounts to a kind of childish petulance and contrariness—one would not expect him to look with any degree of patience upon much of the details of Darwin's work, but one does expect him and all other men to recognize the great spirit of the man, his deep and helpful sincerity, and the light he has thrown upon one of the great problems to which men's minds have always turned. Aside from their scientific value, the works of Darwin have a broad human interest, and are therefore not to be overlooked by the literary man. They add to our knowledge of nature, not after the manner of the closest naturalist, but after the manner of the great explorers and discoverers. It is mainly vital knowledge which he gives us. What a peculiar human interest attaches to the results of his observations upon the earth-worm and the formation of vegetable mould; to his work upon the power of movement in plants; to his discovery of the value of cross-fertilization in the vegetable kingdom, to say nothing of the light which he has thrown upon the origin of species and the descent of man. Of course, all kinds of knowledge are not equally valuable; all knowledge does not alike warm and enlighten us; but there is much in Darwin that warms and enlightens us. Contact with such a broad, sane, sincere spirit, is of itself of the highest value. Indeed, to ignore Darwin is not only to ignore modern science; it is to ignore one of the broadest and most helpful minds of the century. And then to object to him upon such whimsical grounds as Ruskin does—namely, 'because it is every man's duty to know what he is, not to think of the embryo he was,' and also 'because Darwin has a mortal fascination for all vainly curious and idly speculative persons'—is a piece of folly that it would be hard to match even in the utterances of this prince of caprice. What great man, with any of the elements of popularity, ever failed to draw after him 'vainly curious and idly speculative persons'? If such do not run after Mr. Ruskin, it is probably because they have the acuteness to perceive that he is more crazy than they are, and that their second condition would be worse than their first.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Reviews

Ruskin at Sixteen.*

CHAPTERS VI. to X. of Ruskin's Autobiography show the poet-critic to have reached in his curiously tortuous way his sixteenth year, at which golden number he settles down like a bird of many flights peacefully at Christ Church College, Oxford. Chapter VI. ('Schaffhausen and Milan') describes his early journeys to Switzerland and Italy in the family carriage—'lands infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of the lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us.' Chapter VII. ('Papa and Mamma') enters into more psychological detail about his parents—loving and reverential, but keen and humorous. Incidentally he says: 'The gloom, and even terror, with which the restrictions of the Sunday, and the doctrines of the Pilgrim's Progress, the Holy War, and Quarles' Emblems, oppressed the seventh part of my time, was useful to me as the only form of vexation which I was called on to endure; and redeemed by the otherwise uninterrupted cheerfulness and tranquillity of a household wherein the common ways were all of pleasantness, and its single and straight path, of perfect peace.' Chapter VIII. ('Vester, Camenae') contains further meanderings of the autobiographic rivulet, which now darts far ahead, now retrogrades and shoots into the reeds and whistling herbage of infancy. Among other things he says: 'I never got the slightest harm from Byron: what harm came to me was from the facts of life, and from books of a baser kind, including a wide range of the works of authors popularly considered extremely instructive—from Victor Hugo down to Doctor Watts.' 'I rejoiced in all stories of Pallas and Venus, of Achilles and Æneas, of Elijah and St. John; but, without doubting in my heart that there were real spirits of wisdom and beauty, nor that there had been invincible heroes and inspired prophets, I felt already, with fatal and increasing sadness, that there was no clear utterance about any of them—that there were for me neither Goddess guides nor prophetic teachers.'

Chapter IX. ('The Col de la Faucille') resumes the thread of the journeys to Switzerland, and abounds in delectable passages of scenery and life. The ever-increasing felicity of the diction revels in a daintiness and rareness of expression unrivalled among English authors. This delicious chapter says:—'There have been, in sum, three centres of my life's thought: Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa. . . . What I did at Venice was bye-work. . . . Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa have been tutresses of all I know, and were mistresses of all I did, from the first moments I entered their gates.' Flashes of the Jura and of the Alps come at frequent intervals through these pages: we inhale the crystalline air; we see the glory of the gentians; we hear the whispering pines and beeches. 'And on that day of 1835, the Col de la Faucille opened to me in distinct vision the Holy Land of my future work and true home in this world. My eyes had been opened, and my heart with them, to see and to possess royally such a kingdom! Far as the eye could reach—that land and its moving or pausing waters; Arve, and his gates of Cluse; Rhone, and the infinitude of his sapphire lake,—his peace beneath the narcissus meads of Vevay—his cruelty beneath the promontories of Sierre. And all that rose against and melted into the sky, of mountain and mountain snow; and all that living plain, burning with human gladness—studded with white homes,—a milky way of star-dwellings cast across its sunlit blue.' Chapter X. ('Quem tu, Melpomene') recounts Ruskin's piquant love-scraps with Clotilde Domecq, the daughter of his father's partner, and that father's pride and ambition in his son. 'His ideal of my future—now entirely formed in conviction of my genius—was that I should enter at college into the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a

double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made, at forty, Bishop of Winchester, and, at fifty, Primate of England.' Thus delightfully discoursing, inconsequent and sparkling as a mountain stream, which one minute flashes out into sunlight and the next shoots into dusk, the autobiographer talks on, getting ever more and more entangled in his talk, ever fuller of memories and incidents, ever more individualistic. At the end of ten chapters, he is only sixteen, in velvet cap and silk gown; but what next?

"The Works of Thomas Middleton."*

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON is a very positive Positivist, but he is not always a very critical critic of books and literature. In his recent chapters on 'The Choice of Books,' for instance, he reveals the insular limitations of the Englishman who, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations remains an Englishman; he discusses the various translations into English of Dante and does not mention Longfellow or Norton or Parsons; and in considering the chief novelists of the middle of the Nineteenth Century he talks of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and—*Trollope*, as though a comparison were possible, and as though he had never heard of Hawthorne. But despite these freaks of British insularity, his suggestions are often pregnant and his *obiter dicta* worthy of record. 'It becomes the fashion to grow rapturous about the obscure Elizabethan dramatists,' he tells us; 'about the note of refinement in the lesser men of Queen Anne; it is pretty to swear by Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia"; to vaunt Lovelace and Herrick, Marvell and Donne, Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne; all of whom, so Mr. Harrison continues, 'are excellent men, who have written delightful things, that may very well be enjoyed when we have utterly exhausted the best.' Now there is not a little truth in the accusation that there is a strong tendency on the part of many little men of to-day to make themselves conspicuous by extolling extravagantly the little men of yesterday and the day before yesterday. In the cloud of writings about second-rate men of the past, there is great danger that our eyes may be blinded to the eminence of the indisputably first-rate men. It is well that even second-rate men should be edited succinctly and with skill, but it behooves the critic to take care that geese are not presented as swans and to pluck the borrowed plumes from the bird when it makes its next appearance.

The work in which Mr. Bullen is engaged is work of a wholly different kind and of a far higher value. Mr. Bullen has sanity—a great gift to any one who attempts to edit the complete works of any author dead and gone these two centuries and more. He knows a goose from its more beautiful cousin, and he does not present Marlowe or Middleton as the equal of the Swan of Avon. With a knowledge of the period both wide and deep, with a zeal for what is best, with a distinct understanding of the relative value of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period, he has begun to publish an edition of the chief writers for the stage in Shakespeare's time, a little before and a little after, which shall make them accessible to the student of poetry and the historian of the theatre. By the very conditions of his undertaking he is debarred from undue and unwholesome laudation of any one of the great Elizabethans at the expense of any of his rivals. It is Middleton he edits to-day, but it was Marlowe he edited yesterday, and it may be Massinger he will edit to-morrow. He must perforce strive to attain a judicial evenness of temper in considering their respective merits, which are great, and in confessing their demerits, which are not to be concealed. Frankness, breadth and balance are qualities which an editor of such a series

* *Præterita*. By John Ruskin. Chapters VI.-X. 25 cts. each. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

* *The Works of Thomas Middleton*. Edited by A. H. Bullen, B.A. Eight Volumes. \$24. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ought to have and which Mr. Bullen has abundantly proved his possession of. Mr. Bullen's three-volume edition of Marlowe was welcome, and this eight-volume edition of Middleton is even more welcome—not that Middleton is as interesting a character as Marlowe, or as important a poet, but because there was even greater need of a new edition. Dyce's edition of Middleton was published in 1840, and much more is known of the period now than when Dyce did his work half a century ago. Mr. Bullen in his preface praises Dyce's editorial work, saying that 'it would be difficult to speak too highly' of it. It is pleasant to read this in Mr. Bullen's pages, but it need not blind us to the fact that, with all his learning, Dyce was not a model editor. 'His critical acumen was considerable,' Mr. Bullen says; and so it was, no doubt; but Dyce had the fatal infirmity of uncertainty as to his own opinion and as to the grounds on which he ought to have formed it. Mr. Bullen, of course, makes a free use of his predecessor's notes, adding most abundantly of his own store. He has added four pieces to those contained in Dyce's edition, one of which is now printed for the first time from a manuscript preserved among the Conway Papers. The eighth volume contains what is altogether too infrequent in books of English origin—an index. The make-up of the series is admirable; the paper and type are well-mated; there is taste in the printing and simplicity in the binding. The original frontispieces are reproduced skilfully, and a few other illustrations are added. Altogether this is a model edition of an old dramatist; and it is with much pleasure that we understand it to be Mr. Bullen's intention to pursue his honorable labors until he has edited the chief of the poetical playwrights of the Elizabethan epoch. It would be delightful if the series could be continued through the Seventeenth well into the Eighteenth Century. In any strict sense the plays of Wycherly, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Steele, Farquhar, Cibber, Foote, Garrick, Sheridan, Goldsmith and Mrs. Inchbald are still unedited. Even if Mr. Bullen finds the Seventeenth Century dramatists as many as he can manage, it would be well if some student of the Eighteenth Century, as learned and as careful as he—Mr. Austin Dobson, for instance—should undertake the pleasant task.

"Summer Haven Songs."*

THESE 'Summer Haven Songs' have all the dainty restfulness of their name, with now and then a ringing note, or a pungent fragrance, such as one likes to come across at times, even in a peaceful retreat from the cares and vexations of the world. They speak eloquently of the rest that is not idleness, of scholarly leisure still attuned to thoughtful pleasures, of feeling that is something more than sentiment or literary prettiness of phrase, and of fancy that often rises to the height of imagination. It is a book to carry with you into the woods as fittest companion for sylvan solitude, and none the less a book to have by you if you cannot go to the woods, to make yourself half believe that you are there. Nothing in the book is more attractive than the gentle dedication. Perfectly quiet and unassuming, the delicate grace peeps out shyly here and there, with a charm to last through many readings; and as the book does not startle, neither does it tire. 'The Power of Beauty' has a dainty quaintness that is delicious, while 'Custer Dead' has the ring and feeling of genuine power. It is a book that will not astonish you when you take it up, but that will creep into your heart, and leave there something of its own thoughtful peace.

One of the sonnets in this volume—the very graceful and poetic one written on the occasion of Longfellow's death four years ago—appeared in these columns, to which Mr. Morse has been a valued contributor of essays and reviews for an even longer period. Others of the poems—a fair

proportion of the whole number—are reprinted from *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century* and other magazines and journals of the better class. We can make room for but one selection—the first song in the book. It is entitled 'Lilian,' and contains but three short stanzas:

Whenever the south wind blows,
Straight to the cliff I hie;
A little back from the edge,
On the brown turf, down I lie;
And there, I ponder and muse;
I hear what the South has to say:—
To me it is seldom news,
For I hear it every day.
Lilian thinks 'tis the stir—
The eternal sound of the sea:—
'Tis not of the sea, but of her,
And her virgin love for me.

"Love's Martyr."*

THE reading world was certainly ready to receive with interest a novel by the daughter of Alma-Tadema; but doubts arise on reading the stilted Prologue to 'Love's Martyr.' The doubts rapidly deepen to disapproval, as the story reveals itself as of a kind to outrage good sense and offend good taste. It is one of the novels quite without excuse; not because the author touches upon disagreeable things, for there are a great many disagreeable things in life which it is of no use to ignore in fiction; but because she seems to 'revel' in disagreeable things, to care only to paint (with what her friends perhaps will tell her is 'power') the most unhealthful, morbid, and passionate, even if possible, conditions. Vernon Lee trenched on dangerous ground in 'Miss Brown'; but she did it in a way to purify her reader's mind of dangerous beliefs cherished secretly in artistic robing, and not in a way to fill his mind with unhealthful fancies and quiet his conscience with morbid sanction. The reader did not sicken with disgust at the story, but started, trembling, at what might be his own shadow. 'Miss Brown' was a warning; 'Love's Martyr' is tacitly a sanction of the theories of those who hold, not merely that love is enough, but that passion is everything—that, even granting it to be unwise and bad, it is nevertheless all powerful. Fortunately, the painful story has none of the insinuating grace of Ouida's questionable moralities. One scene only in it is natural or attractive: that in which the husband overhears his wife's appeal to their child; and this is weakened by the speedy discovery that, after all, the wife did not mean it. The devotion of the husband through 'everything' is supposed to be touching in the extreme, as another instance that love is love, utterly apart from any loveliness in the thing that is loved. It is of no use to disguise the power of passion, nor would one praise the goody-goody writer who should soften its dangers or lessen its seductive mastery; but, after all, men are not such tame forgivers as 'Ostler Joe' of the things they ought not to forgive, and the reader recoils from the hero of 'Love's Martyr,' who did not forgive and attempt to shield what he had promised to protect, but who insisted on loving, taking, and protecting what was not his either in law or love. By the way, which did Miss Tadema mean should pose as 'Love's Martyr': the woman who was only true to her betrothed because the man she loved did not care to have her even as his mistress? or the meek betrothed himself, who, after overhearing her offer herself as mistress to a man who spurned her, not from righteousness, but because he did not care for her, still led her calmly to the altar? Granting even that Miss Tadema meant in her heroine to show the force of ill-tamed passion, an ill regulated mind, a neglected soul, she should have been consistent and left her ill-regulated to the end. The woman capable of making the beautiful appeal to her little child at the close of the

* Summer Haven Songs. By James Herbert Morse. \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Love's Martyr. By Laurence Alma-Tadema. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

story would not have clasped her lover's trinket, worn round her neck, as she bent over her husband's children that night.

"Madame Roland."*

No one should attempt to delineate another's life, unless in all cases he is prepared to give his subject at least the benefit of the doubt. At the same time, 'gush' is to be reprehended. Mathilde Blind, in her *Life of Madame Roland*, is unwisely enthusiastic. An inch on Cleopatra's nose might have changed the history of the world; but Miss Blind writes as if the whole course of the French Revolution might have been altered if the little Marie-Jeanne Phlipon, afterwards Madame Roland, had been brought up in her childhood on a different kind of breakfast. The minuteness of unimportant detail weakens the general impression, and to write of Madame Roland almost as of some one supernatural in gifts and attainments, in no way adds to her dignity. When the young girl chronicles a natural interest in her country, Miss Blind exclaims: 'Magnificent humanitarian cry to have burst from the lips of this lovely recluse of twenty!' Everything that she does is extraordinary; nothing that she does is blameworthy. Her biographer is blind to every fault and failing. When Madame Roland tells her husband frankly that she loves 'another,' Miss Blind sees in it only a beautiful unwillingness to indulge in what would have seemed to Madame Roland the treason of loving another without her husband's knowing it. Miss Blind has certainly shown infinite patience in research; but the fact remains that the research was not worth while. It is never worth while to know so much about anybody as the biographer tells us about her heroine. She has thrown herself so completely into her subject, that she actually writes of Madame Roland as of a heroine of fiction, telling us what she thought as she walked along the street when a young girl, with all the *naïveté* of a child herself. It is a pity to find fault with one who has taken such pains, and who is so generous in admiring all that was great in one of the noted women of the world; but the biography as a whole impresses one as too long, too minute, too one-sided to be highly valuable.

Recent Fiction

'THE MILL MYSTERY,' by Anna Katharine Green (Putnam), is one of the entertaining detective stories with which this author has been so successful. The phenomenal cleverness of 'The Leavenworth Case' was due to the fact that the absorbing tale moved quietly in quite ordinary channels with the exception of the one startling event at the core of it, and 'The Mill Mystery' is in this respect less clever, inasmuch as the author permits herself to pile up endless agony and innumerable impossible situations. But, if less ingenious, it is more imaginative; and it at least shows the author's inventive powers to advantage. 'The Mill Mystery' never could have happened in the world; but all the world dearly loves a horror none the less; and there is, in the minister's expiation, a touch of Hawthorne's subtlety which gives dignity to what else might be merely sensational. —'ATLA,' by Mrs. J. Gregory Smith (Harper), is one more fairy-tale based on the fabled lost Atlantis. However ingenious such a story, the question naturally arises, 'Why Atlantis? Why not an out-and-out extravaganza, with floating islands, and gorgeous palaces, and splendid architecture, and people called Temar and Kirtyah, without any attempt at exact location on the actual globe?' The imaginative effort hardly seems worth while, never rising above the merely fanciful, though the style shows at times a poetic grace, and the conception of extraordinary creatures discovering the compass thousands of years ago does not quicken the reader's pulses to a very enjoyable extent; while the more exciting episodes, when 'the infernal regions quake, the crater yawns, and from its gaping jaws a molten lake swells upward to the scowling heavens,' fail to seem anything but rather foolish writing and tedious reading. —'CHRISTIE'S CHOICE,' by Ellery Sinclair (Thomas R. Knox & Co.), is a story of life in Texas during the War. The incidents

are naturally exciting; and all turns out well, finally, with Christie's choice of a Yankee for a husband. One scene may certainly be pronounced original: where the two lovers present themselves simultaneously and demand an immediate verdict.

'THE PRELATE,' by Isaac Henderson, is a return to the novel with a plot. Finely written, full of situations and incidents, it yet exhibits a perfectly organized and developed plot, moving slowly and surely, though with intricate windings, to a definite conclusion, and yet by no means destitute of the by-play which in most novels nowadays has to suffice for plot. The character drawing is fine and firm; the religious aspect of the problem, dealing with Jesuit hypocrites and the earnest 'Prelate' anxious to remain in the Church and averse to the idea of reform, considering the reform he wishes to work as merely a return to the unpolluted Catholic Church, is excellently well treated. The story is interesting to the close; the society photographs are clever; the ending is dramatic and artistic; so that the novel as a whole exhibits a wide range of the qualities essential and the features desirable in the best story-telling. In other words, it is not only an unusually entertaining tale, but it is also an unusually good novel (Ticknor). —'THE DAWNING' (Lee & Shepard) is a story, of the old-fashioned kind, in which an author has made a compilation of his own opinions on labor and capital, social evils, legal quibbles and general misfortunes, with his own hopeful verdict that we are about to witness the 'dawning' of a nobler era. The author is one of those who try to give both sides a chance by putting his social problems in the form of dialogue; but the effect, after all, is that of a monologue. The fiction that is supposed to enliven the severe 'purpose' of the novelist is rather tame and very stilted, while the contribution to thought on the subject of human progress is not especially original or striking.

'WE TWO,' by Edna Lyall (Appleton), is certainly a diminutive title for so large and long a book; and it is an unfortunate title for so good a book, as it gives an impression of weak sentimentalism, while in reality the 'we two' who are, in the words of Ovid, a multitude, is intended to be expressive of the courage of reformers painfully in the minority. The story is in some respects a fine one, and is much better than the author's 'Donovan,' although the strong impression is weakened by the length of the story and the slowness of the movement; but it is beautifully written, so that the style sustains one through the length, and certain striking and dramatic situations at times relieve the monotony with startling vividness. It is chiefly remarkable as a book written in the interests of what is known as revealed religion, which yet has an atheist for a hero—and really a hero; while the heroine, although a converted atheist, is none the less a clear-sighted, liberal thinker, keenly alive to the injury often done to the cause of Christianity by Christians themselves. So nicely are the virtues and the faults of both atheists and Christians balanced against each other, that it almost requires thought to discover where the author's sympathies really lie. Besides being radicals, the father and daughter are journalists, and the book is full of clever transcripts of the vicissitudes in the life of these 'two.' Incidentally, of course, there is a romance; but the author also shows her strength in throwing the main interest on the relation between father and daughter, rather than between the lovers.

'HURRISH,' by the Hon. Emily Lawless, is modestly called a study rather than a story. It is seldom, however, that we have so good a story out of so excellent a study. It is a tale of the troubles in Ireland—always a fruitful subject for the novelist. —'CAVALRY LIFE,' by J. S. Winter, is a collection of remarkably good short stories, full of military spirit, by the author of 'Bootle's Baby.' The stories are very short, but every line is full of vivid writing, and it is seldom that a little book contains so much intensity in a form to make it seem the most natural realism. —THE work of Virginia W. Johnson has shown always such originality, variety and picturesque grace, that it is pleasant to find her turning to America for her material, and lifting New York out of the Slough of Despond in which it is too frequently left struggling by the so-called society novelist. 'Tulip Place,' even if it does not strike one as a remarkably good portrait of New York, is nevertheless full of a grateful vitality and vividness which make it an extremely interesting story. It has a little air of quaintness which seems decidedly of foreign influence, and all its situations are too strained to be in the least like Mr. Howells's realism; yet it is all entertaining and suggestive,

* Madame Roland. By Mathilde Blind. \$1. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

and combines so much humor, pathos, and thoughtfulness, that the reader is sure to be delighted with it. These three novels appear in Harper's Handy Series.

'OUR SENSATION NOVEL,' edited by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. (Cassell's Rainbow Series), is somewhat unusual in being a take-off, not of the popular sensation story, but of the sensational methods which some of our very best novelists have permitted themselves. It may be questioned, however, whether the methods are not sufficiently exaggerated to appeal less to the class of readers who like a good parody than to those who like the genuine sensational story of which this may forcibly remind them.—It is impossible not to take up 'In the Golden Days,' by Edna Lyall (Harper), with the feeling that it may be a very good story, but—. It is very much too long; hardly anything can compensate for the inevitably weakened impression of anything so long-drawn-out. 'The Golden Days' are supposed to be those of the Seventeenth Century, but the lengthy novel merely strengthens the general opinion of critics that history and fiction are best apart.—'ANNALS OF THE ROUND TABLE,' by Jennie M. Bingham (Phillips & Hunt), is the record of a club of young girls who met to discuss Longfellow, Whittier and other authors, or to brush up their history, geography, and general knowledge. There is in it, perhaps, a little too much of the schoolgirls' laborious efforts to be funny; but the book may be suggestive to other girls of other clubs.—'BY FIRE AND SWORD,' by Thos. Archer (Cassell), is a picturesque and interesting story of the Huguenots. It is well written, the romance not being too heavily weighted with history for its interest as a story, while a vivid picture is given of the suffering and the heroism of the time.—'YARDSTICK AND SCISSORS,' by Edward A. Rand (Phillips & Hunt), belongs to the excellent Up-the-Ladder Club Series, and marks the entrance of the members of the club into active life.

'WHAT'S MINE'S MINE,' by George Macdonald (Lothrop), will certainly be pronounced 'slow' by the young ladies. It is one of the very long, very rambling tales which seem a compilation from a note-book of anecdotes, or short stories, or bits of character, landscape and incident, which an author has at different times 'made a note on' with the intention of some time welding them together. There are numerous Orphic utterances scattered through the theological discussions, such as 'all true religion is true,' or 'the greatest word in the language is *one* ; the next greatest, *all* ' ; but even lovers of these will be apt to be discouraged by a lengthened tale to which it is hard to find the clew.—'THE VICAR'S PEOPLE' (Cassell) is much the best novel that George Manville Fenn has written. It was first published here by the Putnams, and we need only repeat the high praise we gave it then, as a fine, strong story of unusual quality. It is piquant and original, with a little good-humored spice in the very title, since the Vicar proves to have singularly little to do with his People.—The fifth and sixth volumes of 'Tales from Many Sources' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) contain particularly attractive selections of that ever-admirable literature, the good short story. Mrs. Ewing, Miss Peard, Miss Mary F. Robinson, Miss Poynter, Hugh Conway, and others, are the authors whose names are given; and the stories published anonymously are as good as many with prominent names attached to them.

'THE LOST NAME,' by Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren (Ticknor), soon reveals itself as a book in which a small child is a 'babe' or a 'wee one,' a father is a 'sire,' and things unknown are 'accursed secrets,' to such an extent that one is tempted to think the 'lost name' must be the good old Anglo-Saxon name for ordinary things. One is not surprised to find the 'wee ones' and the 'sires' involved in a network of trap-doors, visions, melodramatic mutilated hands, and all the paraphernalia of sensationalism. The final outcome of all the preparation is that, in the last line of the last paragraph on the last page, with the last word, the hero becomes—a Journalist! We do not quite know what to call the book, whether a story, a romance, a novel, or a fairy-tale. The author herself calls it a novelette; but as, in the course of it, the hero questions in regard to his visions, 'had it been simply an oneirodynia?' perhaps we had better accept the whole as 'simply an oneirodynia.'—'NATASQUA,' by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis (Cassell), has dropped into the vivid and florid Rainbow Series like a cool pearl into the midst of flame. It is a hopeful sign to see the standard of the Rainbows thus suddenly raised; for 'Natasqua' is a story of fine and genuine merit, with rare delineations of curious human nature, and a moral as clear-cut as a cameo, standing

out in fine relief from a background of interesting story.—'ADAM HEPBURN'S VOW,' by Annie S. Swan (Cassell), is a story of the Scottish Covenanters in the Seventeenth Century. It is original, picturesque, and interesting.—'UNDER THE MENDIPS,' by Emma Marshall (Dutton), is a pretty, well written and interesting story of the Bristol Riots in 1831.

Minor Notices.

THE ballads, songs and miscellaneous poems of Goethe have been done into English verse by William Gibson, a Commander in the American Navy, and the volume has been published by Henry Holt & Co. It is dedicated to the wife of the translator, the work being to a considerable extent their joint production. The translator has made it his purpose to render the lyrics of Goethe into idiomatic English, and to follow the metrical form so far as possible. The sense and spirit of the poet have been fairly well given, and the metrical flow and harmony is not altogether inadequate. The translator has given us the most complete collection of Goethe's minor poems yet made in the English language.—A LECTURE delivered before the Cincinnati literary club by J. D. Buck, on the nature and aim of Theosophy, has been published in a little pamphlet from the press of Robert Clarke & Co. It does not give much new information on the subject, but it is one more indication of the interest awakened by this strange Oriental form of belief.

'SILVER THOUGHTS of Great Minds' (White, Stokes & Allen) is a little pamphlet of selections from Madame Guyon, Thomas à Kempis, Jean Nicolas Grou, St. Augustine, Molinos the Quietist, Bunyan, and other such spiritual advisers, printed in purple ink on white sheets bound together with a silvered cord, encased in white covers bearing a basketful of violets, and put up in a silver-colored paper box. In a box of the same kind the same publishers send out 'Easter Messengers'—a new poem of the flowers, by Lucy Larcom, with designs of lilies, white daisies and grasses, jonquils and crocuses, and sweet peas, by Susie Barstow Skelding. The verses reproduce in *facsimile* the poet's autograph. A patent has been applied for on the cover, which consists, apparently, of a bit of flowered satin, upon which is imposed a decorated panel.—'HAWEIS'S KEY' has not the delicate proportions of a Yale-lock key: it is short and fat, its dimensions in inches being about $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4} \times 1$. It is paper-covered, and is published in London by Mr. Bumpus, and sold in this city for twenty-five cents by Mr. Charles T. Dillingham. It is called 'The Key of Doctrine and Practice,' and contains a number of Mr. Haweis's sermons.

THE editor of the Albany *Law Journal*, Irving Browne, has published through James Osborne Wright of New York a collection of four essays, which he calls 'Iconoclasm and Whitewash, and Other Papers.' If one can overlook the infelicity in the title of the first essay, which gives its name to the volume, he will find these essays quite readable and interesting. They show wide reading, a taste for letters, and an independent judgment. The paper on 'Iconoclasm and Whitewash' has for its topic the disposition, now so common, to make historic characters either better or worse than they were in reality. The citation of cases is interesting, and the comments are fresh and vigorous, if not always just. The second essay is devoted to 'Bibliomania,' and to the characteristics of those who make a specialty of collecting books. This is one of the most suggestive and pleasing of the essays in the volume. The third essay has for its subject 'Shakspearian Criticism' and the fourth 'Gravestones.' The absurdities of comment on Shakspeare are pointed out, and the folly of the new readings suggested by some editors. The last essay contains some wise suggestions on the kind of monuments which should be erected to commemorate the dead, and the kind of emblems which should be used on them.

THE PUTNAMs have issued a popular edition of Theodore Roosevelt's 'Hunting Trips of a Ranchman,' which proved so successful in the handsome form in which it was originally published a year or so ago. The well-engraved illustrations are all here, the type is as large and clear, and the paper is quite as heavy, we should judge, in this as in the earlier edition. The chief difference between the volumes is in the price—\$3.50 as against \$15. A new book more likely to be prized by a reader of sporting proclivities, it would be hard to find.—MR. JOHN BARTLETT sends us from Boston a supplementary 'Catalogue of Books on Angling, including Ichthyology, Pisciculture, Fisheries, Fishing Laws, etc., from the Library of a Practitioner of More

than Fifty Years' Experience in the Art of Angling.' The pamphlet is very attractively made up, and bears the imprint of the University Press, Cambridge, Mass.—'A POPULAR FAMILY ATLAS' is no new thing; but one at once so excellent and so cheap as that which the Lippincotts have just issued in paper covers, for thirty cents, is likely to surprise and delight the globe-trotter whose journeys are made with his feet on the fender, a volume of travels in his hand, and an atlas by his side. There are twenty-four maps in it, and some valuable statistical tables.

London Letter.

LONDON, 17th April, 1886.

THE only topics are Liszt and Gladstone. These admirable virtuosos are the rival heroes of the hour. The one is engaged in dismembering an empire, the other in listening in public to performances of his own music; but they are considered with almost equal interest. If anything, the Abbé's compositions have awakened the greater excitement, and have been received with the more profound attention. He is a novelty and the Premier is not. 'Tis forty-five years since he visited these shores. He was then a man of thirty-one, in the plenitude of his incomparable powers, at the top of such an influence as, I suppose, only Paganini and himself have ever achieved; and he is now a veteran of seventy-five, the last of an illustrious race, the sole surviving representative of the brood of giants whose function it was to change the face of art, and in music, verse, painting, fiction, criticism, the drama—all expressions of the intellect—to institute a series of departures whose possibilities are unexhausted still. All his fellows are dead. Berlioz is gone, and Chopin, and Mendelssohn; Hugo and Wagner are as Dumas and Meyerbeer and Rossini; it is long since the world was beggared of such presences as George Sand and Dorville, Gautier and Frédéric, Heine and Taglioni, Barye and Delacroix, the classics of the century, the youngest of the immortals. But Liszt still lives, and is still, they say, in some sort the Liszt of old time. 'Tis the old age of Charlemagne, but before the time of Fastrada's ring. There is something legendary in his aspect and what survives of his power. He thinks he can play no longer; but even thus he plays the best of all. The strength of hand and wrist is no longer what it was. But the genius of sympathy, the divine gift of expression, the magic quality of temperament—of these there is an abundance yet. Rubinstein has said that there is only one pianist, and that beside him all the others are only hewers of wood and drawers of water; Berlioz, in an age of heroic executants—Thalberg, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Moscheles—went, if possible, still farther; and these two great artists appear to have told no more than the truth. There is only one Liszt, and there will never be another: that is the result of his visit. He has been royally amiable from the first, and has played, not once, but many times. His reception everywhere has been cordial and respectful to an extent which must have satisfied even himself, for sixty years and more the spoiled child of success, the very genius of applause. I think that were Berlioz still living, he would write about it, much as he hated writing, and thank us, in the name of art, for the new honors which the illustrious old man will take away with him.

How much of all this is prompted by an understanding of art, and how much of it by the personal feeling which in these days is so easy of generation, and, once generated, so facile in development and expression, is more than I know. Exact analysis is impossible; but that a good deal must be set down to the latter cause is certain. We are all-too ready to be interested in somebodies, and all-too careless of principles, whether great or small. So far, I believe, Mr. Gladstone's latest essay in destruction is rather a personal triumph than not. That he proposes to break up the empire and buy the Irish out of Westminster and the opportunity of obstruction seems to have awakened very little excitement and not much indignation. The great feature of

the situation is that here is a man who at seventy-seven is able to speak for three hours and a half on end. That said speech is a complete and absolute contradiction of over half a century of public life, is little or nothing to the purpose; as little is it that he is commonly reported to have passed the narrow line by which great wits are divided from madness, and to be practically no longer responsible for his actions; as little that his ministers have left him one by one, and that he is alone against England, save for a doctrinaire like John Morley and an adventurer like Vernon Harcourt. He is really a 'miraculous Premier'; and that is sufficient. At three score and seven he can talk for four hours at a time; and the man who can do that is privileged to behave as he lists, and make ducks and drakes of the universe, if his humor that way inclines. Into the great question involved in the matter of this prodigy of oratory, the nation does not seem disposed to enter. It may be right; it may be wrong; it is enough that it is Gladstone. As yet the issue is doubtful; but I should not be surprised if it went in the Prime Minister's favor. Labouchere, they say, has wagered that it will; and he is a man by no means unintelligent. Moreover, the new Commons have been largely recruited from a class of men who are anything but rich, and who may vote for the Ministry in order to stave off the inevitable dissolution, and save themselves the expense of re-election. Which forms a curious commentary on the temper and disposition of the modern Englishman, and a proof that Britannia will continue not much longer to rule the waves in the ancient way.

The Anti-Disruption meeting at Her Majesty's, on Wednesday night, was impressive enough, in several particulars. But as an oratorical display it was not remarkable. None of the speakers seemed to have realized that oratory is an art, as acting is, and should be studied seriously to be practised with success. Lord Hartington, for instance, is the least persuasive and the most ungraceful of men. His matter is good enough; he is the chief of the Whigs; he stands higher than ever in his life in public favor and esteem. But his manner is awkward, cold, confused, depressing even; he swings his eyeglass, he twiddles his watchchain, he is bored to death; if I were he, I would pay an actor to deliver my speeches for me; under no provocation would I peril my cause by championing it in person. The Marquis of Salisbury, again, is very far from irresistible. His appearance is excellent; he has a noble voice; but he is always questing for the right word, he argues for his effects, he talks, not to the heart of his audience, but to the ear of his reporters. It is much the same with Mr. Goschen, who has suddenly become an influence, and who, had he a tithe of the Premier's temperamental and vocal endowment, would carry the whole country against him. Lord Fife began well enough for a peer, but lost his head, fell into vain repetitions, and was more or less requested to withdraw. Mr. Plunkett's admirable voice was admirably used; but its effect was greatly spoiled by the recurrence of certain awkward and very conventional gestures. Mr. Peter Rylands—brusque, unpolished, personal, popular—was perhaps the most immediately effective of all. It is on this point of oratory that Mr. Gladstone is able to hold his own against the four corners of the state in arms. He has the oratorical temperament, the orator's voice, the orator's mind. He is irresistibly persuasive; he projects himself upon his audience in the same way with a great actor, and convinces them not through their intellects, but only through their emotions. For the moment your belief in him is an enthusiasm; it is only next morning, when you came to read in cold print what before you had but heard, that you discover your error, and recognize that what you mistook for a culmination of reason, argument, statesmanship, is no more than an effect of voice and manner and personality—in a word, is only William Ewart Gladstone. It is a magnificent quality; but it is not without its defects. I think it has made Home Rule at least distantly inevitable, and civil war a pos-

sibility the opposite of improbable or remote; and I cannot help wishing it had been better bestowed, or that its possessor had died ten years ago.

In literature there is little doing for the moment. Since writing, I have read Miss Tadema's novel again, and I like it better than I did. It is a book of singular promise, and it does far more than I thought. I recant to the extent of saying that it has been praised, if not excessively, at all events in wrong directions and improper terms. For other material I must cross to France. The first instalment of Ernest Legouvé's 'Soixante Ans de Souvenirs' is the best thing of the sort which has appeared since the 'Souvenirs Littéraires' of Maxime du Camp. About Malibran, about Eugène Sue, about Berlioz, about Béranger, the salon of De Jouy, Népomucène Lemerrier, Dupaty, Casimir Delavigne, Villemain, the Garcias, Bouilly, the Bertrands, and a world besides, Mons. Legouvé writes with an urbanity, an intelligence, a kindly honesty of purpose and effect, that are nothing short of delightful. It is so very much his best work thus far that one trembles lest the sequel should be disappointing; one hesitates to ask for more. Thus much for letters. In drama the news is of less importance. Mr. Buchanan's perversion of 'Tom Jones' is a sort of success, perhaps because there is little left of the original save the names of the characters and a general impression that Fielding is somehow responsible for a good deal else. It pleases the public meanwhile, and gives occasion to Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Lottie Venne, as Sophia and as Honor, to produce themselves with real intelligence, gusto and accomplishment. Next Saturday Messrs. Hawtry will produce 'The Pickpocket,' with Mr. E. J. Henley, whom you know as the Duke d'Azeglio—which is Buchananese for the Duc de Septmonts—as a sort of comic Othello. The part was originally intended for Mr. Penley, the hero of 'The Private Secretary;' but Mr. Penley could not play it, and was replaced, after some weeks of rehearsals, first by Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, and finally by Mr. Henley. Of 'The Pickpocket,' as of Mr. Sidney Grundy's new classical play, with Mr. Wilson Barrett as the hero, I shall have something to say in my next.

H. B.

"The Fountain of Youth."

TO "HEBE."

I.

No Ponce de Leon's spring exists, in truth,—
Who strives to find it seeks a baseless goal;
Yet hast thou quaffed the magic waves of youth
From some deep fountain bedded in thy soul.

II.

The years may score slow wrinkles on thy face,
And to these eyes a flickering film impart,
But thine unwrinkled spirit's crystal grace
Flows through green depths of that Floridian heart.

CORSE HILL, GEORGIA. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

The Lounger

IF ANY man in this city is thoroughly convinced of the 'sarcasm of destiny,' that man is Thomas B. Clarke. For several years past Mr. Clarke has done more than other New Yorker to further the interests of American art by seeking out new men of talent and giving them a start, and by buying the best pictures of both young and old. Being a man of excellent taste, his collection of American paintings is perhaps the best that has been made. To still further encourage American art Mr. Clarke has established a fund that yields \$300 a year, to be awarded as a prize for the best figure-painting exhibited at the spring exhibition of the National Academy. That the award might be made on the most liberal plan, he decided that any one having a picture in the exhibition should be entitled to vote. When election day came this spring, and the votes were cast, it was found that the Clarke prize had been won by—Walter Satterlee!

MR. GEORGE MAYNARD, fresh from the contest, met Mr. Clarke in the street and told him the prize had been awarded. 'Who got it?' asked Mr. Clarke eagerly. 'Walter Satterlee,' replied Mr. Maynard calmly. 'What!' exclaimed Mr. Clarke, thinking that his ears must have deceived him. Mr. Maynard assured him that what he said was true, and the expression of Mr. Clarke's face when he realized it was a study for a character actor. I need not say that Mr. Clarke hasn't a Satterlee in his collection, for the art of this painter is not the art that he has spent his time and money in encouraging. The moral of this tale is that it is foolish to offer a prize that can be won by electioneering.

IT HAS struck some one in the South that it would be a good joke on 'Uncle Remus' to circulate the following paragraph, which comes to me from Atlanta in the form of a newspaper clipping accredited to the *Southern Industrial Record*:—"No single article of bric-a-brac has attracted as much attention in America as Mrs. Morgan's Chinese peachblow vase, for which she paid \$15,000. It was recently sold to Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, for \$18,000, and now it comes into the possession of Joel Chandler Harris, of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Mr. Harris recently received a check for \$20,000 from his "Uncle Remus" publishers, and, without cashing it, turned it over in payment for the celebrated peachblow vase. Mr. Harris is passionately fond of bric-a-brac, and especially of peachblow vases, and the collection in his vine-covered cottage at West End is valued at \$100,000; but he can afford it, as all of the Harris families are wealthy."

IN writing of steam-yachting in America, in the last number of *Outing*, Mr. E. S. Jaffray spoke as one having authority; and he was qualified to speak in this manner by the fact that he owns one of the finest, though not one of the largest steam-yachts in the country, and keeps her in commission every year so long as there is any chance of getting her from New York to Irvington without being frozen up. The *Stranger* is a vessel of considerably greater tonnage than the ship in which Mr. Jaffray made his first voyage to the United States; for although he has been a loyal American citizen for many years, and is a New Yorker of the New Yorkers, he is an Englishman by birth, and a grandson of the British officer who commanded Governor's Island in Revolutionary days. He is a man of peace, and a lover of peaceful ways; but standing on the deck of the *Stranger*, and putting her to her paces against a strong head wind, he looks for all the world like St. Gaudens' Farragut in Madison Square, and you feel that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than an opportunity of replying to a broadside from a hostile cruiser.

MR. JAFFRAY spends every hour aboard his yacht that the management of his great business interests will allow; and he feels that it has added years to his life. His sons-in-law, seeing what a good effect it had had in his case, recommended a similar remedy to Mr. Jaffray's neighbor, Jay Gould, who was beginning to feel the effects of many years of overwork and mental worry, and didn't know just what would set him on his feet again. Mr. Gould had been accustomed to make the journey between New York and his country-seat at Tarrytown by train. His neighbors advised him to get a yacht; he acted on the suggestion, and became a new man; and now his magnificent *Atalanta* sees almost as much of him as either his town-house or his country-seat.

WE sometimes get impatient with the English for their ultra-conservative way of 'doing business,' which is so much slower than ours; but how much more satisfactory it often is. Take the matter of bookmaking, for example. In this country it is the exception when books are not printed from electrotype plates; in England it is the exception when they are. Here an author considers himself fortunate if he has twenty pages of proof at a time to work over; and he can't keep even those twenty pages long: the printer wants the type to use for something else, and is impatient to make plates from it. The plates once cast, it is not only expensive but actually damaging to the book to make any further corrections. I have had some experiences of this sort myself, and I know what it means. In England they not only keep the whole book in type until it is completed, which gives the author every opportunity to correct errors, but they often tie up the type and keep it for years, as we do plates. The printing establishments of London are so immense that they keep a great deal more type in stock than an American printer would

dream of doing. An American would call such a custom wasteful. He makes plates of everything. Cassell & Co., of London, do their work more in the American style. They are quite as keen for plates as we are, and they out-Yankee the Yankees in the way they get *The Quiver* ready for subscribers. They shoot the plates into the press, and the bound copies of the magazine—cuts, advertisements and all—come out at the other end. If they didn't have some such machine as this they could never print their huge editions from month to month.

THE performances of Salvini and Edwin Booth at the Academy of Music are certainly interesting, but I should enjoy them more if Marie Wainwright were not the leading woman. Miss Wainwright was not an unpleasant actress when she belonged to Mr. Barrett's company, but since she left it she has developed into a 'ranter,' and gasps and mouths her words in the good old-fashioned Bowery Theatre style.

Magazine Notes

THE bound volume of *The Century* for the past six months is noteworthy as containing Gen. Grant's papers on 'Chattanooga' and 'Preparing for the Wilderness Campaign'; a portrait of the dying soldier, from a photograph taken at Mt. McGregor last June; a two-page *fac-simile* of an extract from a letter from Gen. Grant to Dr. Douglas in July of last year; and a *fac-simile* of Lincoln's letter to Grant on April 30th, 1864. Other papers relating to the War fill many pages of the volume; but there is room for many pages on a single subject or group of subjects in a volume of nearly a thousand pages, and there is no lack of variety in the contents of these six numbers of the magazine. 'H. H.'s' last poems are here, with the fullest sketch yet printed of the noble woman who wrote them; there are most interesting personal reminiscences of Longfellow and Mazzini and Castelar; and we have glimpses of Petra and New Orleans and Teheran, and a good look at Gardiner's Island, with its old manor-house, and colonial traditions dating well back into the Seventeenth Century. Of illustrations there is the usual abundance, and of poems an adequate supply.

There is only one illustration in *Le Livre* for March—an etching of a couple of Benedictine monks delving in an ancient tome. The most readable article in the number is on 'a journalistic original'—M. Amable Escande, a cripple, who died not long ago at the age of seventy-five. During a half-century, we are told, he wrote more than Emile de Girardin and almost as much as Voltaire, without ever dreaming of collecting and preserving any of his articles, though these were, his memorialist assures us, by no means despicable. He was the first to arrive in the morning at the office of the journal to which he was attached, and the last to leave it at nightfall. Stopping only long enough to swallow a cup of chocolate, he would sit cross-legged all day long, turning out columns of 'copy' on any subject under the sun to which his attention was directed. Since the Commune he had lived and worked in the provinces.

The Catholic World for May is a somewhat flowery and poetic number, with an opening poem on Easter-Flowers (daffodils), a poem in Aubrey de Vere's characteristically graceful and meditative style ('Eustochium, or St. Jerome's Letter'), a study of François Coppée, an English version of Lamartine's 'Poppy-Flower,' and the story of Pia de' Tolomei, alluded to in Dante's 'Purgatorio.'—*The Antiquarian and Book-Lore* for April (D. G. Francis) are, as usual, filled with the sort of reading that is dear to the heart of the antiquarian and the book-lover. In the latter review is an interesting paper on 'Shelley and Vegetarianism' which will appeal especially to the members of the newly-organized Shelley Society. There is also an appreciative tribute to the late Henry Stevens, the bibliographer, whose 'somewhat bulky frame, his large head, full face, and large, warm heart, gave one more the impression of the best stamp of middle-class Englishmen than anything else.' Mr. Stevens 'was wont to warn his friends against any country-man of his who spoke of himself as an American.'

The American Journal of Philology (Johns Hopkins University, Vol. VI., 4) appears a little belated but is as full as ever. While one can hardly subscribe entirely to Prof. A. S. Cook's 'A Latin Poetical Idiom in Old English,' the essay is suggestive. American and English contributors fill many pages with minute criticisms, reviews and comments, while the German classical periodicals are plentifully summarized.—*Scandinavia* (Chicago, January and February) continues to be an interesting medium in English for inter-communication among the enlightened Scandinavians of this and the mother-country. A 'burn-

ing question' lately agitating its broad columns is whether the Scandinavian Professorship in the University of Wisconsin, once so ably filled by Prof. R. B. Anderson (now American Minister to Denmark), should be suffered, as is threatened, to fall into absolute extinction. We should venture the opinion that it should not. The Northwest is filled with Scandinavians who deserve at least this recognition.—*De Portefeuille* (Amsterdam) for March 6th, 1886, contains reviews of two American books: Mr. Astor's 'Valentino' and Prof. T. F. Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' the latter of which has met with a most generous reception in Europe. Cornell University may be congratulated on producing so popular a book.

The Southern Bivouac completes its first year with the May number, which opens with a dramatic story of the Kentucky moonshiners—'Among the Hills of Allen.' In the continued article on 'The Virginia Cavaliers,' the names most prominent are those of Washington, Lee, Cary, Fairfax, Fowke, Digges, Mason, Randolph, Skipwith and Bolling. There is a poem by Maurice Thompson, 'A Memory'; a 'war paper,' with a map—'The War in Missouri'—by R. H. Musser; and a paper by R. T. Durrett on 'The Resolutions of 1798-9,' with a portrait of John Breckinridge.—There is a fully illustrated and quite interesting paper on 'An Illustrious Town' in *The New England Magazine* for April. It is a sketch of Andover, but which of the many Andovers in the United States we shall not say, as the author assures us it is never necessary to do so in speaking of the 'illustrious town' in question.—Ex-President Hayes' first magazine article will be printed in *The Brooklyn Magazine* for May, and will treat of 'National Aid to Popular Education.'

—*Nature* says of Lieut. Greely's history of his 'Three Years of Arctic Service': 'The narrative itself, though quite unvarnished, is of intense interest; and the Expedition was one of the most remarkable ever sent Polewards.'

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

—The May *Magazine of Art* reproduces Millais' portrait and Boehm's bust of Beaconsfield, sketches by Maclise and Harry Furniss, and a pageful of caricatures of the great Hebrew that appeared in *Punch* between the years 1844 and 1882. To accompany an article on some of the most notable paintings in the Morgan collection, there is a frontispiece from Millet's 'Gathering Beans' and smaller reproductions of Corot's 'Wood-Gatherers' and works by Constable, Delacroix, Albert P. Ryder and Dagnan-Bouveret. It is a particularly good number of the *Magazine*; whose editor, we are pleased to note, says of Mr. Low, in speaking of the illustrations of Keats's 'Lamia': 'He has seen, felt, imagined, worked for himself alone; and the issue is a set of variations on themes from Keats which should make him known wherever Keats is read.'

—The extra full-page colored supplement to the May *Art Amateur* reproduces a painting of a young calf, by James M. Hart. From the editor's Note-Book we learn that Henner will send to the Salon a painting of 'a nymph sitting in a thick and shady forest by a brookside.' Of course he will. When has he sent anything else?

—The annual prizes bestowed on artists exhibiting at the National Academy of Design were voted for on the 21st of April. The Clarke prize of \$300, for the best American figure-picture painted in the United States, was awarded to Mr. Walter Satterlee for his 'Winter Watering-Place.' The first Hallgarten prize (\$300), for the best picture painted in America by an American citizen under thirty-five, went to Mr. Percy Moran for his 'Divided Attention.' The second prize (\$200) was awarded to Mr. W. A. Coffin for his 'Moonlight in Harvest.' The Third prize (\$100) was given to Mr. Irving R. Wiles for his 'Corner Table.'

—At the recent annual meeting of the Art Students' League, of the election of officers to serve during the coming year resulted as follows: President, Mr. C. R. Lamb; Vice-Presidents, Miss W. D. Hawley and Mr. H. B. Snell; Members of Board of Control, Miss F. H. Throop, W. H. E. Twining and Mr. F. S. Lamb.

—Mr. Francis Lathrop has just finished a stained-glass window for St. George's Episcopal Church, Flushing, L. I. It represents two female figures, Piety and Wisdom, and is the gift of the ladies of the congregation to the church. Mr. Lathrop has done some very effective work with the glass. So beautiful are the lights and shades of color, and so cleverly managed, that one might think the work was done with pigments.

Carlyle on the Choice of Books.

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

EXACTLY fifteen years ago a North country lad who was searching after knowledge in the midst of work in a printer's office wrote to Carlyle asking for such advice. The following letter is Carlyle's reply. His correspondent has justified the sage's good wishes, and is now the director of an important journal in the north of England. With reference to one of Carlyle's recommendations, we ought to add that the letter was written before Professor Jowett had, as Mr. Huxley puts it, 'made Plato an English classic,' and that one or two other cases in which Carlyle's advice has become antiquated are duly noted in the price-list appended to our 'Extra':—

75, Cheyne-row, Chelsea, Feb. 14, 1871.

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter has pleased and interested me; and certainly I wish you progress in your ingenuous pursuit, which may be defined as the highest and truest for all men in all ranks of life. Evermore is *Wisdom* the highest of conquests to every son of Adam, nay, in a large sense, the one conquest; and the precept to every one of us is ever, 'Above all thy gettings, get understanding.' Books are certainly a great help in this pursuit; but I know not if they are the greatest; the greatest I rather judge are one's own earnest reflections and meditations, and, to begin with, a candid, just, and sincere mind in oneself. Books, however, especially the books of sincere and true-seeing men, are indisputably a great resource of guidance and assistance here; and, indeed, are at present almost the only one we have left.

I have more than once thought of such a list as you speak of (for we all, in universities as well as workshops, labor under that difficulty, and in the end each of us has to pick his own way); but a good list of the kind would be extremely difficult to do, and would be both an envious and a precarious one. Impossible to be right in all your judgments of books; and still more impossible to please everybody with it if you even were! Perhaps I may try something of it some good day nevertheless.

For the rest, I can assure you that your choice of a Homer is perfectly successful; I reckon Pope's still fairly the best English translation, though there are several newer, and one older, not without merit; in regard to style, or outward garniture, neither Pope nor one of them has the least resemblance to rough old Homer; but you will get the *shape* and essential meaning out of Pope as well as another. In regard to Plato (Socrates didn't write anything; and he is known chiefly by what Plato and Xenophon say of him) your best resource will probably be Bohn's Classical Library (Bohn, York-street, Covent-garden), a readable translation at four or five shillings, which any country bookseller can get for you on order: and, indeed, I may say, in regard to all manner of books, Bohn's Publication Series is the usefulest thing I know; and you might as well send to him for a catalogue, which doubtless he would willingly send you for the postage stamps. As to English history, Hume's is universally regarded as the best; but perhaps none of them can rigorously be called good; and you will be wise to take the first book you can come at, and to read that with all your attention; keeping a map before you, and looking round you on all sides; especially looking before and after for chronology's sake—upon which latter at least, if not upon various other things, you may find it very useful to take notes. Pinkerton's 'Geography,' even the octavo abridgement (still more the two-volume quarto original), is a useful book in such studies. In political economy, I consider Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' which is the beginning of all the books since, to be still, by many degrees, the best, as well as the pleasantest to read; and in regard to that of 'Political Economy,' may even to that of Plato, &c., &c., you must not be surprised if the results arrived at considerably disappoint you; and sometimes, though also sometimes not, completely deserve to do so.

Wishing you heartily well; and recommending silence, sincerity, diligence, and patience as the grand conditions of every useful success in your pursuit, I remain, yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

The following letter was written by Carlyle so far back as 1843, nearly thirty years before the other letter on the same subject which we lately published.* It was shortly afterwards printed in a Scotch newspaper, and Carlyle used for some time to send copies of it to correspondents who asked his advice. As the letter is not, we believe, included in any of Carlyle's printed works, our readers may be interested to read it here:—

Chelsea, March 13, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—Some time ago your letter was delivered to me; I take literally the first free half-hour I have had since, to write you a word of answer. It would give me true satisfaction, could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement; but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why 'advice is so seldom followed'—this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking. As to the books which you, whom I know so little of, should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good and universally applicable—read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read. The very wish and curiosity indicate that you then and there are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentments of our capabilities': that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading, as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful and beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one that looks wonderfulest, beautifullest. You will gradually by various trials (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones) discover what is for you the wonderfulest, beautifullest; what is your true element and promise, and be able to abide by that. True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also you are to discriminate carefully between true desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we truly have an appetite for, but what we only falsely have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true. And flimsy, 'desultory' readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, but mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial, false desire after spiceries and confectioneries for the real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men. What thoughts past men had in them; what actions past men did—the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specially named history can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books; the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history—and especially the past history of one's own native country—everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully, innumerable inquiries, with due indications, will branch out from it; he has a broad, beaten highway from which all the country is more or less visible—there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell. Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions, of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many, discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we were wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling, and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement! It is emblematic of all things a man does. In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid to your charge—that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier; silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many; and be your aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things; wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid in their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them. With many good wishes and encouragement, I remain, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

—The *Saturday Review* says that 'Mr. Howells has written charming and delightful stories and essays of many kinds, but it is open to doubt whether anything he has ever written is so replete with charm' as 'Tuscan Cities.'

* The letter printed above. EDS. CRITIC.

Life and Thought in Russia.*

[B., in *The Contemporary Review*.]

It is not an easy task to write about contemporary life and thought in Russia for English readers. What previous information they get upon the subject mostly comes from disconnected newspaper telegrams, almost unintelligible in their crudity, and from elaborate statements of facts distorted by party spirit. Most of the people at all interested in the subject feel quite bewildered between Stepniak and M^{de}. de Novikoff; only a few may try to get out of their perplexities by the help of Mackenzie Wallace and Leroy Beaulieu, and even these few will find it difficult to fit the accounts of strange actualities into the frame of general descriptions. Things going by the same name in the East and the West are so very different in reality, conceptions quite familiar to the Russian appear so preposterous to the Englishman, that any one speaking about Russian life to the English must begin by giving, as it were, the key to his vocabulary by pointing out from what general principles he is starting in his review of the subject.

Some outward features of the political situation in Russia are easily observable; the great imperial snake in the East has coiled itself into temporary inactivity under the influence of disease. The currency is depreciated, trade slow; the fury of the fight between Government and Nihilists is slackening, but at the cost of brutal and demoralizing coercion. How long are things to go on in this way? Is the menacing Power pushed by Peter the Great into such a prominent position in Europe to crumble away under the pressure of internal disorder and barbarism? Or is it undergoing a necessary though painful crisis in the process of transformation into a stronger and more perfectly developed being? In order to answer such questions at all, even in a hesitating way, one must try to connect the visions fleeting away in the present with the past; this is the only means to get the bewildering varieties of color, light, and shape into some unity and order. If we look to the past, we shall not wonder that events often assume such a sad aspect in Russia; our only wonder will be, that its political evolution is not marked by greater difficulties and more general convulsions. The emancipation of the serfs and the other reforms of Alexander II. have shaken the whole framework of society. Millions of people hitherto under subjection are adapting themselves and their work to the conditions of their new freedom; the landed gentry, which formerly constituted the ruling class—politically and economically—is now ruined, scattered, and forced to seek the means of bare sustenance in the Administration, the liberal professions, and trade; the economical power of the country has been strained to the utmost by the sudden necessity of buying off, in money, services and rents in kind, and by the requirements of the modern Continental State with its enormous army and costly administration. Truly these are not the social conditions for peaceable development in the State! And this revolution, effected at a time when the Western nations, whom the Russians, as younger brethren, have to learn from and to imitate, are themselves undergoing a most arduous process of transition; when all time-honored doctrines and beliefs are questioned, and are giving way, though the creed of the future is not settled even in its dim outlines. It reflects no small credit on the Russian nation that it is striving forward notwithstanding all these hampering influences. And the actual political reaction, with its necessary accompaniments of dulness and despondency, among the intelligent people must not be allowed to conceal the fact of steady, though very gradual, social progress. Society gets accustomed to its new work—and work gets accustomed to it; this is the principal fact which leaves to the Russian patriot room for hope in the future amidst all the suffering of the present. It may be true that the peasant class labors hard under the insufficiency of land allotment, the difficulty of emigration, the exhausting taxes, the morally disabling influence of drink—still, it cannot be doubted that its power of productive work has been increasing steadily. Population is growing rapidly, of course, and, along with the increase of working people in number, the area of cultivation has been extending; new outlets have been sought and found in industry and trade. If the labor of the lower class has been multiplying, spreading in quantity, if I may say so, in the higher part of society, the change in point of quality is, perhaps, even more perceptible. It is of this higher part that I shall speak more particularly, because most people think that it is responsible for present disappointments.

It has got to be a matter of commonplace talk to abuse the present generation, to compare its unsteady ways with the firm

and self-contented gait of former times. Old people are never weary of reproaching their sons, and even these very often break out into a 'pater peccavi' which testifies more to their discontent with their lot than to a clear perception of inferiority. Of course it is only too easy to find fault with the men of our time, to point to the greedy and shameless upstart with no thought of future life, of common weal, of personal ideal, with no aim but gain, lust, and vanity; or to the cripple of civilization, shattered in his physical and moral frame by education and nascent self-consciousness, a prey to wild fancies and external influences, devoid of conviction and longing for fanaticism, ready for helplessness spleen, self-murder, terrorism. But the great mass of our intelligent men do not belong, in truth, either to the one or to the other category of distorted beings who stand for a warning on their flanks. And what is more, even the prevalent weaknesses of the time are indissolubly connected with the chief elements of its strength. The soulless materialism of pushing and cynical democracy is breeding on the life of free social competition, in which sharp practice and charlatanism may carry up this or that individual; but the great moving force, after all, is work. Again, the discontented strivings and dispirited failings of intelligent society only prove that light is breaking in, that education is spreading, and self-consciousness arising from it, self-consciousness which may throw the weak into despair, but without which there is no progress. Work and knowledge are taking the place of privilege in the life of the higher classes, and one may stand confident that what is noble will lead to noble results in the end. There is one typical representation of the previous aristocratic epoch in Russian literature which may serve to show how much has, after all, been done by the last thirty years. Goutcharoff's *Obломoff* is hardly conceivable by a man of the West, especially an Englishman; and still it is the largest, the most emblematic, the most powerful creation of that brilliant literature which has been, as it were, the swan-song of the Russian gentry. And what is *Obломoff*? A man of good nature, no mean ability, and even noble aspirations, rotting away into dreamy inertness and helpless obesity, because society does not force him to work and education has provided for him only just enough light to feel a kind of numb discomfort and doze away from it. *Obломoff* hardly exists now as a person, though he is lingering in almost every Russian; he is dying slowly; but still he is dying, and we can only be proud of the fact. If we realize it in its vital importance, we shall be able to draw the balance better between the past and the present, to regret the fading away of aristocratic literature and refinement, of individual brilliancy and power, with the consciousness that our generation is doing more in the aggregate through its smaller workmen. It is better to get rid of men of the *Obломoff* type, though the transformation may involve the loss of men like the author of *Obломoff*. It is quite necessary to take in this hopeful aspect of social evolution in Russia, in order to have a set-off to the many ugly features which Russian life is just now presenting.

Besides facts and realities, one has to reckon in history with moods and opinions, and in this respect the situation looks ominous enough. Here the contrast lies between our time and the years '60, the epoch of reforms which followed on the Crimean War. The 'generation of the years '60' had a very striking physiognomy of its own, with sharply cut and decided features. It was a revolutionary generation; it had to clear away and to build in all spheres of life, and did its work with amazing 'entrain,' singleness of purpose, freshness of conviction. The spirit of that time has found its best representative in Turgenieff's *Bazaroff*, the rough medical man, who tries everything around him by the narrow test of natural science, and finds everything wanting. I do not mean to say that the statesmen who planned and conducted the emancipation or the judicial reform were like *Bazaroff*, or even that most people of the time were like him, but I think that this literary type gives the most striking idea of the chief ferment of that time. Of course, *Bazaroff* is the first Nihilist; the destructive power is more conspicuous in him than the creative; there is a kind of sombre strength about him which bodes no good for the future. The revolutionary spirit had to be contented with reforms; the men of *Bazaroff*'s stamp had to push on the first rank to some work which they considered quite insufficient, and then to stand off. As always happens in history, the period of change and faith was followed by the period of adaptation and disillusion. The building which people had been erecting with such enthusiasm and hope was perceived to be out of shape, incoherent, inadequate to meet the simplest requirements. Impatient people accused the chief builder of wilful misconduct, and declared war upon him. Most persons—i.e., those who prefer to have anything over their heads rather

* To be continued.

than rush out in the wind and rain—laid the blame on the nature of the soil, of the materials, on the people's own inability. There were not wanting some who thought that it would be best to throw down the whole fabric, and live again in hovels and kennels. But all, of whatever creed and aim, felt more or less dejected and powerless. The generation of '80 are suffering not only from disillusion in the reformatory movement, but also from the attempts of revolutionaries and reactionaries to throw the country off its historical course. The insane excesses of terroristic Nihilism have roused the instinct of self-preservation in society, and broken the spell of the revolutionary legend; but the intelligent class cannot make friends with the monarchical power either, which is brutally stamping upon it under the pretext of putting down Nihilism.

And so people are living in a sad, unhealthy mood; they try to set up creeds and hopes, but do not succeed. The materialistic idealism of '60, if I may use the strange term, is gone for ever, and a kind of uncertain, romantic current has set in. The late Dostoyevsky was the greatest preacher of that revival; his convulsive appeals in the cause of mystic orthodoxy and absolutism had their effect, but could not produce anything like steady and quiet conviction. Hysterics are not religion, and panic cannot be mistaken for a political creed. It is quite clear that people cannot go on living like that; but it is not obvious how they will get out of their difficulties. As the present situation is so manifestly dependent on the political evolution, the programmes of different parties chiefly take into account the political side of the question. Of course, public opinion in a country without free institutions, and with a fettered Press, is apt to break up into numberless streams and rivulets; in the absence of free discussion the different claims are not arrayed against each other definitely enough, and a variety of groups take independent form which in other circumstances would amalgamate. Still, it may be said that, in the main, two views of the situation confront each other, and two programmes spring from them.

One is based on the theory of democratic despotism. The great mass of the Russian people do not know, and do not want, political power; their history has been led by the power of the Czar, and, at present, that power vouches for the unity of the country, for its order and might; any attempt to alter the political constitution would lead only to the prevalence of a class minority, and would in this way be injurious to the interests of the whole, as is shown by the history of Western liberalism, which, after all, only hides the predominance of the middle class—the *bourgeoisie*, as the French term it. The better for Russia that it has got political power concentrated in the hands of a monarch, and not scattered in a system of checks and counter-checks which would deprive it of all energy of action. Everything has to bow before this one mighty agent in the State, and it is not for the supposed rights and fancies of a small minority that the national conception of an all-powerful and beneficent absolutism is to be sacrificed at a time when great social questions present themselves which can be solved only by the most energetic control of the State over society in work and thought. Slavophile assumptions, State socialism, and the necessity of some justification for brutal force are mixed up in this way in the teaching of a party which derives its chief strength, after all, from the fact that Government sides with it.

It would not be difficult, of course, for the other side to answer the arguments of such papers as the *Moskovskie Vedomosti* if the discussion could be carried on freely. Even as it is, Russian liberalism contrives to hold its own in society and in the few periodicals which have been left at its disposal.

The uneducated mass, it contends, may have its political propensities, and they ought to be taken into account, but, though it may lean with weight on its leaders, it requires to be led. It is not the 'vis consilii expert' which can assume to rule a State placed in most difficult conditions and organized in the most complex way. The intelligent class, though it be a minority, has also its rights and requirements, just as the nervous system has its requirements, and exercises a very marked influence on the human body, though it does not constitute a large part of it. It is madness simply to brandish the truncheon over the aspiration of the intelligent people; to condemn their interest in political matters, their wish to take an active part in them, as criminal self-assumption. The only result of a policy which sets the ignorant against the educated, and uses the force of the Government to suppress thought and kill off political interest, must be the demoralization of the higher classes, and the spread of that low-minded egotism which would fain forget that there is anything in the State or the world besides money.

And what will be the condition of the servants, whom the Government must take from this same intelligent class, which it

has beaten into a mere aggregate of feeding and breeding maggot? Free institutions are as necessary to Russia as to any other civilized State, not only because they will afford a check on the arbitrary and tyrannical action of the Government, and a protection to individual freedom—not only because they must counterbalance the development of ever-encroaching bureaucracy, with its benumbing systems—but chiefly because they present the necessary outcome of intelligent, self-conscious life in a country, the chief ideal tie in the strife and egotism of a democratic world.

The reproach of trying to set up the selfish preponderance of a class does not fall on the Russian Liberals, who have fully realized the importance of social problems, and are perhaps too much inclined now towards socialistic conceptions; it falls on the votaries of democratic Czarism, who, in order to provide for their autocrat the means of governing the inert mass of his people, plan the restoration of a gentry or nobility fenced in by class interests and privileges. The absurdity of a political programme striving now towards a policy which failed signally at the time of Nicholas I. need not be discussed, but it must be noted as highly characteristic of the party which is driven to such proposals.

It is difficult not to side with Russian Liberalism in its attempts to vindicate its position against overwhelming odds; but the Liberal party has many weaknesses, too, of which it must try to get rid if it wants to act beneficently when its turn to act comes again, as undoubtedly it will. It is still too rationalistic and too fond of theories: in setting up very exalted, sometimes shadowy, often contradictory, aims, the Liberals do not sufficiently take into account the play of historical forces, and, above all, do not quite realize that they must shape their course in strict accordance with three main facts: the great historical claims, traditions, and merits of the monarchical power, the political notions of the uneducated mass, and the want of experience of the educated people in Russia in political matters. As the Government must perceive sooner or later that it cannot do without the moral co-operation of intelligent society, so intelligent society must know that it has to lean for material support on the Government; any hope for the future depends upon a necessary and cordial alliance between these two forces, which will have difficulties enough to cope with even when allied.

Of course the virtue of self-restraint is the most difficult to acquire in political as well as in individual life, but indications are not wanting that, as far as the Liberals are concerned, they are beginning to perceive the necessity of moderation in aims and acts. The monarchical power, on the other hand, has shown, before now, that it is not impervious to Liberal influences, and even now, though its general direction is undoubtedly very reactionary, it cannot get rid of Liberal elements in the very Administration which is serving it. Let us hope that it will again, and soon, assume the lead in the progressive movement of the nation, instead of trying to produce artificial immobility.

What has been said is, I hope, sufficient to show from what standpoint I shall speak about Russian affairs; it is time to turn from these general considerations to a survey of the main facts which have occurred within the last few months.

It would be difficult to say whether we are more indebted for the comparative lull in the fight between the Government and the terrorists to the activity of the police department in preventing attempted assassinations and tracking criminals, or to a modification in the composition and aims of terroristic groups. The trial before the St. Petersburg military court, which went on from October 24 to 28 (old style), not only testified historically to the importance of the revolutionary agitation, but left the painful impression that we were by no means at the end of our troubles in this respect, and that the disease was assuming a new and threatening form. The scanty information supplied by the sentence, which alone was made public, is quite sufficient to show that a widely spread movement had been going on in the army and navy. Of the fourteen persons committed for trial, seven were officers of various ranks: Lieutenant-Colonel Aschenbrenner had used his influence to propagate revolutionary doctrines in the Praga regiment, and his lodgings had become the headquarters of a club of military revolutionists in Nicolayef; Captain Pachitokoff was working in the same direction among the officers at the high artillery school; Captain Rogatcheff made a journey through Lithuania with the view of starting revolutionary associations among the troops stationed in that province; Lieutenant Stromberg and Ensign Touvatheff were spreading revolutionist doctrines among the naval officers at Kronstadt and Nicolayef.

It is quite impossible to make even an approximate guess at the actual results of such propaganda, but it is difficult to avoid

a feeling of uneasiness when one thinks of the material and moral conditions in which most of the military are placed in Russia. Very imperfect education, scanty pay, and a life of dull inactivity are not conditions apt to produce or maintain moral health. Before the economic collapse of the gentry, most-officers were landowners or sons of landowners, and had something to depend upon besides their pay, which is not the case now. A still more important point to notice is the fact that the military class, just by reason of its intellectual inferiority, is more dependent upon the moral condition of society at large than its peculiar training and *esprit de corps* would lead one to suppose at first sight. The helpless discontent and low spirits of that society must reach the army and feed upon its grievances, as, on the other hand, more freedom and health among the intelligent class would clear the atmosphere in military circles, which is stifling enough now. Revolutionary intrigue in the army and navy appears in this connection as a very grave symptom, not on account of any actual danger to the existing political order, but as the outcome of general depression and spleen.

Current Criticism

WHAT INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE WOULD COST.—A grave question with American readers is the effect that international copyright would have on the prices of American books. Would it make books dearer; and, if so, to what extent? Many attempts have been made to alarm the public mind on this question, and some of them have been disingenuous if not distinctly dishonest. In the first place, no concessions made to foreign authors would or could affect the price of school-books or text-books, cyclopædias, and other books of reference would probably experience no change; and all the great authors of the past—the whole noble host of poets, historians, essayists, and novelists, that give such brilliant luster to the English name—would be as accessible in cheap editions then as now. The books thus exempted may be fully summarized as follows:—School-books and text-books; standard authors—the entire literature of the past; American fiction, and popular literature generally; American histories, travels, science, books of investigation and learning, cyclopædias, dictionaries, books of reference, manuals for mechanics, etc.; foreign books of science and learning; magazines, reviews, periodicals of all kinds. This list includes almost everything that enters into education, or that concerns the student or scholar. Increase of price, should there prove to be an increase of price, would fall solely on new books of a popular character—almost exclusively, in fact, upon reprints of English fiction.—*Appleton's Literary Bulletin.*

LONDON AND PITTSBURG FOGS.—London, when we see it as I saw it last summer, for example, from an upper window of the new Hotel Metropole, which overlooks the Embankment, with the wide river close at hand and rapidly growing wider beneath Westminster Bridge, with the long body of the Abbey and the vast bulk of the Parliament House and its lofty clock-tower seen like fairy palaces through the drifting smoke clouds lighted by sunset beams that owed more than half their splendor to those very clouds—London seen thus, I say, is among the most marvellously picturesque sights on earth. And what smoke and soot can do for an individual structure we may note as we pass St. Paul's, which owes a very great part of its singular effectiveness, its solemn dignity, to the broad stains of inky blackness through which the original surface strikes strong lines and patches that seem snowy in comparison. At Pittsburg the best place whence to study similar things is at the top of that very hill where Mr. Richardson is now building. I have never from any place in any land seen such magnificent effects of light, such extraordinarily brilliant showers of afternoon sunshine falling on dusky, cloudy backgrounds, and striking in the most 'telling' way on the 'high lights' kindly furnished by the white streams of vapor from the tugboats on the three rivers far below. It is a sight to have driven a Turner wild with enthusiasm, to have made even a Turner's brush despair of rendering one half its beauty.—*M. G. Van Rensselaer, in The Star.*

Notes

*MR. JAMES R. OSGOOD sailed for England on Wednesday last to take the late Mr. Sampson Low's position as London representative of Harper & Bros.—a position held by Mr. Low for nearly forty years. A better choice of a successor to the well-known English publisher could not have been made.

—Mr. Howells was received by the Authors' Club on Thursday evening of last week. E. C. Stedman, Moncure D. Conway, Gen. Horace Porter, Dr. Weir Mitchell, Mark Twain, George Cary Eggleston, H. C. Bunner, Col. George E. Waring, R. W. Gilder, Col. Knox, H. H. Boyesen, Frank R. Stockton, Frank Millet, Hopkinson Smith, Hamilton Gibson, E. A. Abbey, W. M. Laffan, George Fawcett Rowe and others were present, and applauded vociferously when the guest of the evening made a felicitous impromptu speech from notes. A letter from Mr. T. B. Aldrich was read, in which the poet-editor implored the wandering novelist to come home to Boston, 'and all will be forgiven.' Letters of regret were read from Mr. Whittier and H. E. Scudder; and a cold supper, with bottled beer and pipes and tobacco, was enjoyed when everybody had spoken who was called upon to speak.

—The *Illustrated Graphic News* of Cincinnati has engaged Mr. John R. Musick to travel among the various Indian tribes and write descriptions of them, which will be profusely illustrated.

—Extensive preparations are being made for the ceremonies at Grant's Tomb in Riverside Park on Decoration Day. Gen. Logan will be the orator of the day, the Rev. Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn will deliver the prayer, and Mr. Paul H. Hayne has been requested by the Memorial Committee to compose a poem to the memory of Gen. Grant to be read on this occasion.

—'George Eliot and Her Heroines,' by Abba Gould Woolson, and 'Joseph the Prime Minister,' by Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, are among the Harpers' latest announcements.

—Mr. Frederic Garlanda, a young Italian teacher in this city, who recently published a book on 'The Philosophy of Words,' has received a letter from Prof. Max Müller, in which the eminent philologist says that he has recommended the book in question to the students at Oxford.

—Prof. Max Müller has accepted the presidency of the English Goethe Society, which now numbers over one hundred members.

—Cupples, Upham & Co. have just published a novel entitled 'Fellow Travellers,' by Edward Fuller, of the editorial staff of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. The story deals with scenes familiar to New England readers. The same house will soon publish a little book by Mr. Ivan Panin, entitled 'Thoughts.' The title is characteristic of the work, which embodies the author's philosophy of life in a series of epigrammatic reflections.

—On Monday a subscription was opened at the Academy of Music for the Meiningen Court Dramatic Company. The total amount subscribed was \$40,000. The company will not arrive here till October.

—Passion and Politics will be the name of the late Colonel Burnaby's political novel, which is to be issued this month. The period treated is a future one, and the Irish question and other social matters are fully discussed. A strong element of interest runs through the love scenes, while another feature—likely to be the most popular—is the very free and merciless manner in which ministers and other public men, immediately recognizable under their thin disguises, are introduced.

—The manuscript of 'The Watch on the Rhine,' Max Schenckendorfer's famous poem, now a national song in Germany, has just been found among the papers of one of the author's friends at Burgdorf, and though there is neither date nor signature no doubt is entertained of its authenticity.

—General Fremont has taken a house in Washington for a year, and he and his wife are hard at work upon his memoirs.

—A Russian literary man has reported in the St. Petersburg *Historical Review* a recent interview with Count Leo Tolstol. He found the author of 'War and Peace' to be in excellent health, employing his leisure hours in the diligent study of Greek and Hebrew, in taking bodily exercise, and in writing a series of short popular tales.

—'Every one who has read "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," writes M. A. P., 'must remember the vivid description given by the author of a barbarous sport, the "gaynder pullin'," and the agony of the poor little child whose own pet and particular goose was seized as the victim. Who would guess that the sport was a relic of a barbarous age, long gone by? In the Library of the British Museum is a little book, the private journal of the young King of England (a boy of promise, then hardly twelve years of age), who, in an entry dated "Tuesday, June 4-14, 1549," writes: "Sir Robert Dudley, third son to the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart's Daughter; after which Marriage there were certain Gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a Goose's Head, which

was hanged alive on two cross Posts." Not rough mountaineers, but "Gentlemen," with ladies to witness their sports and applaud their success! Is the sport a common one, or was it a revival in the Tennessee Mountains?"

—Byron's grandson, Lord Wentworth, has been 'somewhat surprised' to hear that a committee has been formed to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the poet in 1888. He thinks it his duty to point out that 'no mere clique of unknown men without weight or authority would have the smallest right to possess themselves of Byron's memory as if it were their inheritance, and if real men-of-letters are divided in opinion as to his true place in English literature, his representatives would ask that his grave may be left in peace.'

—A bibliography of Maine is in preparation by Mr. Joseph Williamson, of Belfast, a member of the Maine Historical Society. The titles already exceed 3000.

—Ex-Judge Platt Potter, of Schenectady, has given to the New York Historical Society six volumes of the 'State Trials of England,' issued in 1742, which originally belonged to Sir William Johnson, Bart., his autograph being inscribed on the title-page of each volume. The volumes have been for nearly fifty years the property of ex-Judge Potter, who is now eighty-six years of age. Sir William Johnson, who lived in this State in the last century, received from the British Government many honors, and, among other things, the books in question. He died at Johnson Hall, Johnstown, in July, 1774, leaving his property, including these volumes, to his son, Sir John Johnson.

—Baker & Taylor announce for publication on May 19th a work by A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., 'treating from a new point of view the problems raised by the most frequently advanced social theories of the day.' Its title is 'Socialism and Christianity.'

—The following facts are of special interest when read in connection with the 'Counter-Plea for Pure English' which we printed last week:—The French language in Canada, according to M. Demanche in a French review, presents no *patois*, owing to fusion of accents by the well-educated teachers in schools, in the Seventeenth Century, who came from all parts of France. Further, the Canadian peasant is better educated than the French; and all French-Canadians speak English as well as French (an elevating factor). In France, while foreign words are often adopted without scruple, such as *rail, wagon, sleeping-car, tramway, ticket, square*, the French-Canadians generally translate, saying, *lissee, char, char-dortoir, char-urbain, billet, carré*. The preservation of the French tongue on the banks of the St. Lawrence has been greatly favored by the prodigious increase of the French-Canadians. Of a total population of 4,324,819 by the last census in 1881, there were 1,298,929 French.

—The Trustees of Columbia College have erected a large fire-proof library building, which is furnished with every modern convenience, and is open daily throughout the year, save on Sundays and Good Friday, from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. It has a thorough catalogue nearly completed, and employs reference librarians to facilitate the work of any seeker after knowledge. It contains more than 70,000 volumes, but many more are needed at once. The Trustees, owing to the heavy debt of the College, are unable to purchase these needed books, and therefore appeal for aid to all friends of education: The sum of twenty, ten, or even five thousand dollars, as an endowment, would provide permanently for the wants of a single department. The gift of books no longer needed by their present possessors is also solicited. A prompt and liberal answer to this appeal, which we heartily second, will benefit not only Columbia College, but the community generally.

—'Mr. Spofford,' says the Washington correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader*, 'has been Librarian of Congress for over twenty years, and he has seen the library grow from 90,000 to more than 500,000 books. Every literary man in the country knows Mr. Spofford. He is a short, wiry man, with a face as dark as that of any diplomat in Washington. He has black hair and whiskers mixed with gray. His eyes are like jet, and he has a way of looking into yours that shows he means business when he talks. He is the busiest man in Washington, and never has an idle moment. He walks fast, talks fast, and uses others to help him in his work. He never writes himself what he can just as well dictate, and does not allow his energies to be wasted on what cheaper men could do as well. He does a prodigious amount of literary labor, has always several different articles on hand, and turns out many things for encyclopædias, magazines, and books. . . . He is a man of many friendships, and his favorite amusement is in the rides which he and George Bancroft take every Sunday.'"

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1133.—Why was Becket called Thomas à Becket, and what does the mark over the *a* indicate?
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

A. D. S. B.

[The *a* in Thomas à Becket, Thomas à Kempis, Abraham à Sancta Claris (the German author) is explained by some as the *a* (Latin *a* or *ab*—of, from) of origin. Thus: Thomas à Kempis—Thomas of or from Kempen, a town in Germany where Thomas à Kempis (so-called) was born. Thomas à Becket's father was known as simple Gilbert Becket (without the *a*). The mark over the *a*, whether grave or circumflex, is arbitrary, and means nothing.]

No. 1134.—In what book and chapter of Wilkie Collins's is there a paragraph beginning 'Is Time the Consoler?' and going on to say that it is not the lapse of time that brings consolation after bereavement, but what we can do for others—or words to that effect?
NEWPORT, R. I.

M. N. N.

No. 1135.—Where can I find a poem the subject of which is 'the soul of Judas carrying his body about to find a place of burial'?
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

D. K.

No. 1136.—1. Is there any truth in the story of 'The Swiss Family Robinson'? 2. Is the authorship of the Bodley books a public matter? 3. Who writes an old song in which is the line 'To stay at home is best'?
PRIOR LAKE, MINN.

A. R. B.

[1. 'The Swiss Family Robinson' has, we believe, no foundation in fact. It is only one of the thousand and one imitations of 'Robinson Crusoe' which, for a century after the publication of Defoe's work, continued to flood the literature of all European countries. 2. They were written by Mr. Horace E. Scudder.]

No. 1137.—I should like to learn the authorship of a poem called 'Cleopatra's Soliloquy.'
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

O. D. J.

ANSWERS.

No. 1125.—Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy, author of 'Royalty Restored, or England under Charles II.,' is author also of various books upon the social aspects of different epochs of history. His 'Court Life below Stairs' was his introduction to a very remarkable literary success. He is also a novelist, playwright, and the author of a volume of anonymously published poems, and is also a song-writer, although Mr. J. L. Molloy, author of 'The Wooden Shoon,' is more generally known as a song-writer than Mr. J. F. Molloy. The latter is the author of 'Oh, Say, Dear Heart.' He is a young man—considerably under thirty-five—and lives in artistic chambers near the British Museum, in the library of which most of his historical studies are made. In these artistic chambers he gives brilliant receptions, largely frequented by the most noted representatives of the literary, dramatic and artistic Bohemia, which figures so conspicuously in his novels. In person he is extremely youthful-looking, though prematurely grey, with dark eyes, hair and beard, and rich brown complexion. He is of Irish birth.
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

C. H. W.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Adams, H. B. American Historical Association, Report of Proceedings, 1885. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Browne, F. F. Bugle Echoes. \$2. White, Stokes & Allen.
Burnham, Clara L. Next Door. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Century Magazine, The. Nov. 1885-Apr. 1886. The Century Co.
Foote, Mary H. John Bodewin's Testimony. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Goethe's Faust. Tr. by J. Annster. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Harper, Fletcher, Catalogue of Private Collection of. Moore's Art Galleries.
Harvard Advocate, Catalogue of the Editors of 1866-1886.
Hudson, E. A Memorial of Mary Clemmer. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Miller, A. P. Consolation and Other Poems. Brentano Bros.
Murray, D. C. Aunt Rachel. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Ogilvie's Popular Reading. No. 29. 35c. J. S. Ogilvie & Co.
Parker, Jane M. The Midnight Cry. \$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Racing and Steeple-Chasing. By Earl of Suffolk and Others. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Ruskin, J. Preterita. Chapter XI. 25c. J. Wiley & Sons.
Smith, Minna C. In Fruitful Lands. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Spofford, A. R. American Almanac, etc., 1886. American News Co.
Spurgeon, C. H. The Treasury of David. Vol. VII. \$2. Funk & Wagnalls.
Stanton, Evan. Ruhainah. \$1. Cassell & Co.
Stone, C. W. Needles of Pine. \$1. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Storrs, C. The Storrs Family. \$10. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Thayer, W. R. Influence of Emerson. 25c. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Theosophy, What is? By One of the Theosophical Society. 50c. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Tolstoi, L. War and Peace. The Invasion, 1807-1812. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Tolstoi, L. " 2 vols. Paper. \$1.; cloth, \$1.75. W. S. Gottsberger.

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